



at a tale of helter-skelter all their classe

tolis!

How they jangle, jangle, jangle,

Everywhere throughout the town!

Cars and wagons in a tangle,

Men and women in a wrangle,

Strong ones bearing weak ones down,

While the ding, ding, ding,

And the pling, pling, pling,

Luke a sort of Runie rhyme



Yanked and twisted out of tir From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Hear the loud slarm bellsferetelia!

How they rattle, rattle, rattle!

See the droves of human cattle Clear the track. Pressing back, back, back, Te she jingle of the bells— Te she jingle of the belisStreet car belist
How the driver with delight
Notes the aged woman's fright
as his horses barely miss her in their materials flight:
And the belis, bells, bells,
And the vells, relis, vells



Rear the cash recording bells—
Telitale bells—
ta world of bonesty their molody compels/
Hear tham tinkle, tinkle, tinkle;
See the sorrew of the clerk
That the boss has found a wrinkle
Which assistants cannot work
For the For the dimes, dimes, dimes, Which in better olden times

Boe the smile of the proprietor



Of the purchase every time.

What a Christianizing influence is that which glady swells

From the hells, bells, bells, bells,

From the tinking and the clinking of the bells! Hear the many modern bells-

What a tale of disappointment all their ringing Merry ferry bells-How they mack, mack, mack, As the boat recedes from shore,

In despair, Siving odds unto the army which in Flanders

> And the belles, How they giggle, giggle, giggle As you woo them in the sells



And they hold you in the spells Till the autumn, when they wriggle

Bells, bells, bells "Mid the ringing and the singing of the bells

Hot water is a sovereign remedy for sertain forms of headache. It is es pecially useful for relieving occipital headaches. A hot foot bath, accompamied by a het sponge of the upper part of the spine, or in many cases simply the application of heat in the form of a hot bag or a fomentation to the upper

spine is a most excellent remedy this form of headache. - Good Health. Visitor-Now, Fred, if you can tell me what isle is noted for its great internal improvements I will give you a quarter.

Fred (triumphantly) - Castor eil.-In a New York Court.

Mr. Jurydodger-Your honor, I'm not fit to be a juryman. Judge-You are the best in the panel. Jurydodger-But I can't make head or tail out of what these lawyers say. Judge-Neither can I. Take your seat in the jury box .- Texas Siftings.

HER OFFERINGS.

Why a Poor Woman Decorated Two Paupers' Graves.

Her Dead Husband Occupied One Thom, But Which One?—An Affection That Was Finally Transferred to a Bright Reward.

A pleasant, fair-sized country village, a village embosomed in trees, with old churches, one tavern, kept by a re-spectable widow, long, single-storied armhouses, their roofs mossy, and their chimneys smoke black, a village with grass and shrubbery, and no mortar, nor bricks, nor pavements, nor gae-no newness; that is the place for him who wishes life in its flavor and its bloom. Until of late, my residence has been in such a place.

Man of cities! What is there in all

your boasted pleasure your fashions, parties, balls and theaters, compared with the simplest of the delights we country folks enjoy? Our pure air, making the blood swell

and leap with buoyant health; our labor and our exercise; our freedom from the sickly vices that taint the town; our not being racked with notes due, or the fluctuations of prices, or the breaking of banks; our manners of sociability expanding the heart and reacting with a wholesome effect upon the body—can anything which citizens pos-

One Saturday, after paying a few days' visit at New York, I returned to my quarters in the country inn. The day was hot and my journey a disagree-able one. I had been forced to stir my-self beyond comfort and dispatch my affairs quickly, for fear of being left by the cars. As it was, I arrived panting and covered with sweat just as they were about to start. Then for many miles I had to bear the annoyance of the steam engine smoke, and it seemed to me that the vehicles kept swaying to and fro on the track with more than usual motion, on purpose to distress my jaded limbs. Out of humor with myself and everything around me, when I came to my travel's end, I re-fused to partake of the comfortable supper which my landlady had pre-pared for me, and rejoining to the good woman's look of wonder at such an unwonted event, and her kind inquiries about my health, with a sullen silence I took my lamp and went my way to my room. Tired and head throbbing. in less than half a score of minutes af-ter I threw myself on my bed, I was steeped in the soundest slumber. When I awoke every vein and nerve felt fresh and free. Soreness and irri-



with the curtains of the night, and the accustomed tone had returned again. I arose and threw open my window. Delicious! It was a calm, bright Sabbath morning in May. The dew-drops glittered on the grass; the fragrance apple-blossoms which covered the trees floated up to me, and the notes of a hundred birds discoursed music to my ear. By the rays just shooting up in the eastern verge I knew that the sun would be risen in a moment. I hastily dressed myself, performed my ablutions and sallied forth to take a morning

Sweet, yet sleepy scene! No one seemed stirring. The placid influence of the day was even now spread around, quieting everything and hallowing everything. I sauntered slowly onward, with my hands folded behind me. I passed round the edge of a hill, on the rising elevation, on top of which was a burial-ground. On my left, through an opening in the trees, I could see at some distance the ripple of our beautiful bay: on my right was the large and ancien field for the dead. I stopped and leaned my back against the fence, with my face turned toward the white murble stones a few rods before me. All I saw was far from new to me; and yet I pondered upon it.

The entrance to that place of tombs was a kind of arch-s rough-hewn, but no doubt a hardy piece of architecture that had stood winter and summer over the gate there, for many, many years. O fearful arch! if there were fo voice to utter what has passed beneath and near thee; if the secrets of the earthly dwelling that to thee are known could be by thee disclosed, whose es might listen to the appalling story and

its possessor not go mad with terror! Thus thought I; and strangely enough, such imagining marred not in the least the sunny brightness which spread alike over my mind and over the landscape. Involuntary, as I mused, my look was cast to the top of the hill. I saw a figure moving. Could some one baside myself be out so early, and among the tombs? What oreature odd enough in fancy to find pleasure there and at such a time? Continuing my gaze, saw that the figure was a woman. Sh seemed to move with a slow and feeble step passing and repassing constantly between two and the same graves, which were with-in half a rod of each other. She would bend down and appear to busy herself with the one, and then she would rise and go to the second, and bend there employ herself as at the first. Then to the former one and then to the second. Occasionally the figure would pause a moment, stand back a little, and look steadfastly down upon the graves, as if to see whether her work were done well. Thrice I saw her walk with a tottering gait and stand midway between the two and look alternately at each. Then she would go to one and arrange something and come back to the midwa place, and gaze first on the right and evidently had some trouble in suiting things to her mind. Where I stood, I could hear no noise of her footfalls; nor what she was doing. Had a supersti-tious man beheld the spectacle, he would possibly have thought that some

spirit of the dead, allowed the night be-

der forth in the darkness, had been be-lated in returning, and was now per-plexed to find its coffin house again. Curious to know what was the wom-an's employment, I undid the simple fastenings of the gate, and walked over the rank wet grass toward her. As I came near I recognized her for an old, a very old inmate of the poorhouse, named Delayer. Stopping a moment. named Delarer. Stopping a moment, while I was yet several yards from her, and before she saw me, I tried to call to



history which I had heard a great while past. She was a native of one of the West India islands, and, before I, who gazed at her, was born, had with her husband come hither to settle and gain a livelihood. They were poor; most miserably poor. Country people, I have noticed, seldom like foreigners. So this man and his wife, in all probability, met much to discourage them. They kept up their spirits, however, until at last their fortunes became desperate. Famine and want laid iron fingers upon them. They had no acquaintances, and to beg they were ashamed. Both were taken ill; then the charity that had been so alack came to their destitute abode, but came too late. Delarer died, the victim of poverty. The woman recovered after awhile, but for many months was quite an invalid and was sent to the almahouse, where she had ever since re-

This was the story of the aged eres This was the story of the ages creature before me, aged with the weight of seventy winters. I walked up to her. By her feet stood a large, rude basket, in which I beheld leaves and buds. The two graves which I had seen her passing between so often were covered with flowers the earliest but sweetest flowers of the season. They were fresh, and wet and very fragrant -those delicate soul offerings. And this, then, was her employment. Strangel Flowers, frail and pessing. grasped by the hand of age and scat-tered upon the tomb! White hairs, and pale blossoms, and stone tablets of

"Good morning, mistress," said I The withered female turned her eyes to mine and acknowledged my greet-ing in the same spirit wherewith it was

"May I ask whose graves they are that you remember so kindly?"

She looked up again, probably catch-ing from my manner that I spoke in no-spirit of rude inquisitiveness, and

A manifestation of a fanciful taste, thought I, this tomb ornamenting which she probably brought with her from abroad. Of course, but one of the graves could be her husband's, and one, likely, was that of a child who had died and been laid away by its father.
"Whose else?" l asked.

"My husband's," replied the aged Poor creature! her faculties were be



I ARRIVED JUST AS THE TRAIN WAS ABOUT TO START.

and her length of life had worn both mind and body nearly to the parting. "Yes, I know," continued I mildly, "but there are two graves. One is your I paused for her to fill the blank.

She looked at me a minute, as if in wonder at my perverseness; and then None but my Gilbert's."

"And is Gilbert buried in both?" She appeared as if going to answer, but stopped again, and did not. Though my cariosity was now somewhat excited, I forebore to question her further, feeling that it might be to her a painful subject. I was wrong, however. She had been rather agitated at my intrusion, and her powers flickered for a moment. They were soon steady again, and, perhaps gratified with my interest in her affairs, she gave me in a the mystery. When her husband's death occurred she was herself confined to a a long while after he was buried. Still longer days passed before she had permission,or even strength, to go into the were assayed to reach Gilbert's grave. What a pang sunk to her heart when she found it could not be pointed out to her! With the careless indifference which is shown to the corpses of outcasts, poor Delarer had been thrown into a hastily dug hole, without anyone noting it, or noticing it, or remembering which it was. Subsequently, several other paupers were buried in the same spot, and the sexten could only show two graves to the disconso-late woman and tell her that her hus-band was positively one of the twain. During the later stages of her recovery she had looked forward to the consola tion of coming to his tomb as to a shrine, and wiping her tears there; and it was solemn memorials around me; but at that such could not be. miserable widow even attempted to else on earth who panted for the Long obtain the consent of the proper Repose, as a tired child for the night functionaries that the graves might The grave—the grave—what foolish be opened, and her anxieties man calls it a dreadful place? It is a be opened, and her anxieties man calls it a dreadful place? It is a put at rest! When told that this kind friend whose arms shall compass

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shared that care. And lest she should life on earth will sorrow possibly bestow the most of their testi- any more. not, but whose spirit might be looking and returns sick and tired down invisible in the air and smiling hollow hearts, and of human de each tomb adorned in an exactly sim- and they will seem like soft and pleasilar manner. In a strange land among a strange race, she said, it was like a and calm our pulses; they open a peace-

over when my heart feels heavy." thus finished the sorrowing being as she rose to depart; "then it would be a happi ness. But, perhaps, I am blind to my dearest mercies. God in His great wis dom may have sent that I should not know which grave was his, lest grief luxury for me, and melt me away I offered to accompany her, and sup-

port her feeble steps, but she preferre that it should not be so. With languid feet she moved on. I watched her pass through the gate, and under the arch; er turn, and in a little while she was hidden from my view. Then I carefully parted the flowers upon one of the graves, and sat down there, and leaned ny face in my open hands, and thought. What a wondrous thing is woman's love! Oh, Thou, whose most mighty tribute is the Incarnation of Love, I bless Thee that Thou dids't make this fair disposition in the human heart. and didst root it there so deeply that it is stronger than all else, and can never be torn out! Here is this aged way farer, a woman of trials and griefs, de crepit, sore and steeped in poverty, the through all the storm of misfortune and the dark cloud of years settling upon her, the memory of her love hovers like a beautiful spirit amid the gloom it never deserts her, but abides with her while life abides. Yes, this creature loved; this wrinkled, skinny, gray haired erone had heart to swell wit passion, and her pulses to throb and her eyes to sparkle. Now, nothing remains but a levely remembrance, com ing as of old, and stepping in its ac customed path, not to perform its former object, or former duty-but Oh! is not that a great deal? And the buried man-he was happy to

have passed away as he did. The an-she was the one to be pitied. With-out doubt she wished many times that she, thought I, as I cast my eyes on th the same time there were thousands could not be done, she determined in us round about, and while we lay our heads upon his bosom no care, temptaher hopes and intentions should not be tion, nor corroding passion shall have given up. Every Sunday morning, in power to disturb us. Then the weary the mild sesson, she went forth early, spirit shall no more be weary; the achieves

and gathered fresh flowers, and dressed ing head and aching heart shall be both the graves. So she knew that the strangers to pain; and the soul that was right one was cared for, even if another fettered and sorrowed away its little When the mind has mony of love on him whom she knew been roaming abroad in the crowd, upon her, she was ever careful to have let us think of the grave and of death. ant music. Such thoughts then soothe communion with her own people to visit ful prospect before us. I do not dread the grave. There is many a time when part through the valley of the shadow, as composedly as I quaff water after a tiresome walk. For what is there of terror in taking our rest? What is there here below to draw us with such fondness? Life is the running of a

> Shall we fear the goal, merely because it is shrouded in a cloud?
> I rose and carefully replac parted flowers and bent my steps home-

If there be any sufficiently intere

race a most weary race, sometimes.

in the fate of the aged woman, that they wish to know further about her, for those I will add that ere long her affection was transferred to a r where it might receive the reward of its constancy and purity. Her last desire and it was complied with-was that she should be placed midway between the two graves. Entirely Superfluous. "You see," he explained to the ingennous young thing, as he showed her the ne, "you take hold here, and I'll take hold here. Then we must both tion. make a wish and pull, and when it breaks the one who has the biggest part of it will have his or her wish some Mountains, and there is the lost mine.

think of something," he said. "No, I through a certain window in the tower think of something." I can't think of and in a line with certain natural landnything I want very much." nustn't spoil the fun that way," he ex- piled with the vision will rest on the rou, really?" she asked. rou can't-" "Well, then, there's no the window, and what are the land ise fooling with the old wishbone," the interrupted, with a glad smile. "You can have me."-Boston Herald.

Witherby-Is this true, old man, that our wife has left you? Uppelate (sadly)—I am afraid it is old Witherby-Why, what's the trouble-

or is it something you don't want to talk about? Uppelate-Oh, no: it's no secret. She said she was afraid to sleep in the house alone all night.-N. Y. Sun.

What Se Did. "What do you do with yourself on rainy days. Abner?" asked a visitor. "Oh. I have little argyments with

mamma," returned the boy. "What about" "Stayin' in an' keepin' dry," said Ab.

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The Strange Tradition of the Church of

Tourists who stop in El Pase on the way to the City or Mexico or California do not fail to visit the ancient church at Juarez. It is the first introduction written about. People from Maine to Oregon have dropped their nickels in But not many became sufficiently well acquainted with the good padre to hear the story of the lost mine.

Every locality where precious metals have been found has its "lost mine." El Paso county is not exceptional. Tradition links this particular lost mine with the ancient church. At the corner of the edifice, to the left of the main entrance, is a tower. The door is usually kept padlocked. Visitors are free to enter the church and look at the curiously-jointed wooden ceiling, the pulpit confessional wholly unlike those seen in Catholic churches in the United States, and the Madonna-like face of our Lady of Guadaloupe. Even the great wooden cross, on which is hung a ghastly form for the crucifixion process tower is closed. Those who are permitted by special favor to pass the door find a stairway of logs, the ends of which overlap and form the axis of the circling steps without any other support. At the top of this freak in architecture there is a small room with outlooks through the heavy walls. And from this tower the way leads to the lost mine. The church itself is on an eleva-"But I don't know what to According to the tradition, one must "Oh, you can stand in a certain position and look "But we marks. If the coditions are fully com-"I'll wish for you." "Will exact location of the man, which is the place to stand, which is the place to stand, which is marks? The padre shakes his head He would like to know himself.

By the tradition this mine was work ed before the Spanish conquest. It was the Rio Grande obtained the massive gold ornaments which they were when the Spaniards came. In the early his en ornaments were laid upon the altar. But there came a long and stubborn war with the conquerors. Incursions of Pueblo rebellion engrossed attention, Chicago News Record. and still later was the American invasion. Amid exciting scenes the natives lost their mine. Their descendants have nothing except the tradition of the church tower and window to guide them to it. And not one of them seems to fold their seraps about them and stand beside the adobe to poverty all of their tall lying .- Truth.

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lives rather than climb to the top of the tower and look. The restless American is the only one who tries to solve the riddle. He visits the tower, ponders long on the landscape, goes forth to search and never finds the mine .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A tomato paste that is used by some good cooks for flavoring sauces and cooking with macaroni or rice is made in the following way: Wash and cut two large carrots, and two onions of medium size. Put over a slow fire in s namon, a teaspoonful of whole cloves, the same of pepper corns, a stick of celery, cleaned and aliced, using the stalk, eaves and root, and a small teaspoon ful of salt. Cook slowly until the regetables are soft, then press through a sieve with a potato masher. pulp again until it is as thick as jelly. Test by cooling a little upon a plate. During the second boiling stir frequently to prevent scorching. Spread on old carthen plates about half an inch thick. Dry thoroughly in a place where there and pack in wooden boxes with clean white paper between each layer. When into pint of boiling water until well soaked and season with an ounce of flour and and an ounce of butter, rubbed together as for white sauce, and salt and pepper. A more highly seasoned sauce is made of chopped pareley, mace, and a little garlic are added peck of tomatoes when the paste is made. Tomatoes used for sauce or preserved in any way should be taken earin the fall while they have their full flavor. -N. V. Post.

Rapid Aging. Young Husband-What? You are twenty-five years old to-day? Why. you told me a year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only twenty! Young Wife (wearily)-I have aged

rapidly since I married - Demor A Pleasant Evening Ahead. Mr. Lightmind (coaxingly to Tommy)

Did your sister say she was glad when you told her I called? Tommy (literally) -No. she said she Apaches and Comanches made the didn't expect anything else, to-day being mountains unhealthy. Afterwards the Friday and the 13th of the month-

Spodgrass Jayamith is lying low

Snively-That is a great change to Snodgrass-What do you mean?

Spirely-Generally he is doing